Fire Emblem: Awakening Shepherds R&R

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Summary: Acollection of fun drabbles for Fire Emblem Awakening! What do the Shepherds do when they aren't fighting? Includes various pairings from my playthrough.

Chapter 1: Ch 1 Introductions

Chapter 1 Introductions

"How much longer do we have to go?" Lissa whined feeling nothing but the ache in the balls of her feet. Chrome chuckled, glancing back at his little sister.

"Well I suppose you should wear something more comfortable next time." He looked pointedly at Lissa's kitty heels.

"I did suggest that we-"

"No, Fredrick, I am not going to make shoes from bear pelts." Lissa frowned.

"It can't be long now." Chrom laughed. Lissa grumbled something and then marched on ahead stiffly. Chrom watched his sister ahead and sighed. He would have helped her, offered to carry her or something but recently she had been more set on doing things herself.

He had a theory that it was something about him calling her his 'delicate' sister at a gathering. He turned to Fredrick. "Is she alright?"

"Not sure M'lord. She woke up a little grumpier than-"

Lissa's blood curdling scream interrupted Fredrick as they both sprinted towards her.

"Lissa are you alright?" Chrom was the first to reach her and Fredrick wasn't far behind.

"Is she dead?" Lissa pointed. Chom turned and jumped at the sight of the body laying the tall grass. "Is she dead? Chrom?"

Chrom stared at the body and then walked cautiously towards her. "Ma'am? Miss?" He waved in front of the woman's face and then gently pushed her shoulder. "I don't think she's dead." He furrowed his brow, glancing back.

"She doesn't appear injured. Maybe she's simply sleeping?" Fredrick observed.

"She's not waking up." Lissa fanned her hand frantically in front of her like she had touched something slimy. "Ew, ew, ew, ew, ew. Oh gross! There's a dead body!" She jumped.

"M-Maybe we should… leave her?" Chrom suggested, standing back up slowly, scratching his head, confused as to what should be done with a found body.

"Are you crazy? Chrom, we have to do *something*!" Lissa exclaimed.

Chrom looked at the body again and crossed his arms. "What do you propose we do then?"

It was Lissa's turn to furrow her brow. "I-I don't know!" She looked at her brother and then back down at the body. She gasped when she saw the girl's eyes that were starting to flutter open. Chrom followed his sister's eyes and felt a relieved smile slide onto his face.

"I see you're awake now." He crouched over her and chuckled softly.

"Hey, there." Lissa smiled just as relieved as her brother.

"There are better places to take a nap than the ground, you know."

Author notes:

I think introductions are important, don't you? Anyways special thanks to my AWESOME floormate who made time to read, edit and revise this!

Anyways! I really hope you enjoyed the first chapter!

Favourite, follow and review if you're all up for it. Till next time!

Chapter 2: Ch 2 Complications

Chapter 2 Complications

"You have got to be joking me." Lon'qu frowned and his jaw tightened as he looked at Chrom, watching him as he grabbed a couple lances from the training ring and walked towards the weapons tent. "You aren't serious are you?"

Chrom organized the lances on the stand and turned to face the swordsman. "It can't so bad, Lon'qu." He took in a deep breath and crossed his arms. "It's just Cordelia, you know her. Don't be so scared."

"It's not that simple!" Lon'qu grunted as he paced. "She's a *woman*."

"And asking a man to marry you is simpler?" Chrom chuckled. Lon'qu growled and started to pace back and forth. "Which begs the question, why are you so… terrified of women?"

"I'm not terrified!" Lon'qu exclaimed. "I just don't prefer to be near them. It's complicated."

"Ironic how you're asking one to marry you." Chrom smiled widely, crossing his arms. Lon'qu growled again. "Look, if you love each other then it shouldn't be hard; you can do it. Did you get the ring?"

Lon'qu was quiet before he gave a small nod and showed it to the Prince, he then cleared his throat and then put it back into his pocket. "You asked Olivia to… marry you. How did *you* do it?"

"Oh for the sake of the gods, if you can't ask her just get down on one knee and show her the ring, she'll understand." Chrom sighed. "It'll be fine."

"What will be fine?" Cordelia smiled as she entered the tent, practice swords in hand. Lon'qu instantly tensed at her presence. He looked around and cleared his throat loud enough for both of them to hear.

"I should cook dinner." He said slowly and then made for the door but Chrom grabbed his shoulder.

"Hey Cordelia, Lon'qu wants to ask you something." He smiled and then patted his friend's shoulder, whispering in his ear. "Good luck."

Lon'qu gritted his teeth and watched as the little Prince closed the flap behind him. His hand fingered the small box in his pocket before he turned to the red head who was intently looking at him.

Author's note

I paired up Lon'qu and Cordelia and I thought they were really cute together :)

Again thanks to my Floormate who took time to read this and thank YOU for reading I hope you enjoyed it!

Follow, favourite and review if you're all for it! Till next time!

Chapter 3: Ch 3 Indifference

Chapter 3 Indifference

Gerome sat near one of the cliffs that overlooked a valley while Minerva slept beside him. The wyvern grunted in her sleep and then shifted her giant head. Gerome smiled and laid his hand on her head, stroking the scales with his thumb.

He wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do, to tamper with the past, but it didn't matter he was here. What was worse was that he didn't know if he wanted to really be here. He highly doubted that destinies could be changed. But what haunted him wasn't the fact that he was here but the fact that if this all failed everyone would be dead. Everyone that he cared about would be gone. And he just didn't know if he was prepared to go through that again.

"It's a nice view you've chosen." Gerome jumped at the voice behind him. It was his mother, Cherche. There were a million things he wanted to do, to say, but he simply glanced back and growled.

"What do you want?" He crossed his arms and glanced back.

"Nothing." She smiled. "Would you mind if I sat here for a while with you?"

Gerome frowned but shifted to make room for Cherche. She smiled and sat down, her hand replacing his on Minerva. The Wyvern purred happily.

"I'm glad." Cherche smiled.

"Glad about what?" He grumbled looking into the valley.

"That you get along with Minerva so well, glad that you're here." She looked at Gerome and chuckled when he only grunted in response. Gerome dug his nails between his armour into his skin, his jaw tightened.

"There's still a war going on." He stated flatly. "I'm not here to befriend anyone, Cherche."

"Ashame." She chuckled. "I do wonder if you were so stubborn as a child."

Gerome felt his eyes widen as he looked back at his mother. She was smiling, her hand continuously petting Minerva. He cleared his throat and stood up.

"I have to go. I think Robin wanted to see me for something." He said quickly. "I'm sure Minerva wouldn't mind spending time with you. She hasn't seen you in a long while."

Cherche only smiled in response as he walked away feeling the back of his eyes burn.

Author's Notes

Poor Gerome, all he wants is to be with his mom and dad. When I found out that was why he was so cold all I wanted to do was give him a big ol' hug!

Anyways, a thought occurred to me that I might be writing spoilers, and such and I'm scared that some of you haven't played through and really mind so I do apologize if I did spoil anything for you! But I think none should be found in this short series :)

I suppose I should also put a disclaimer out there While I'm at it. I don't own Fire Emblem Awakening (though I do own a copy of the game! But I am fully aware that those two things are not related whatsoever ha ha) or it's characters!

Thank you again to my floormate who took time to read, edit and revise this! Though this time I did change things without showing her :S BUT i hope you had just as much fun reading as I did writing this!

BIG THANK YOU TO YOU for taking an interest in this and reading so far! Like before Follow, favourite, review if you would like!

Till next time!

Chapter 4: Ch 4 Collapse

Chapter 4 Collapse

"Father! I challenge you to a duel!" Yarne pointed with conviction that, no doubt, wavered the more he stood. Stahl blinked a couple times, holding a sandwich halfway to his mouth. "Aduel, father, now!"

"N-now? But it's lunch! Why don't you ask…? Severa!" Stahl called at the girl passing by. Severa glanced over at Yarne with her usual stabbing glare. All Yarne wanted to do in that moment was to slink back and take back his challenge to his father.

Severa smirked and tossed down her bowls to flash her blade. "Bring it on ya buck-toothed coward."

Yarne gave a large gulp that he was sure everyone heard. "F-fine!" He felt the world spin. "Don't underestimate the bunny!" he said before he fainted over the tables.

Authors notes:

Oh Yarne! He's seriously a run and hide bunny that's scared of anything that moves!

I Have Gone Away: I hope you feel better! Honestly, your review made my day, ask my housemates ha ha, I was jumping with joy for a couple minutes. Thank you so much, I'm so glad you enjoyed the few chapters I've put out! I'll try not to disappoint!

Usual thanks to my floormate! And to you guys for reading!

Favourite, review if you like :)

Chapter 5: Ch 5 Union

Chapter 5 Union

Virion skipped through the camps, a wide grin planted on his face. He was in mid-skip when he smashed into something – or rather *someone*.

"You look cheerful." Lissa winced as she looked at the archer. "Are you alright?"

"Apologies, dear Lissa!" Virion helped his friend up and kept smiling. "I'm just so…"He trailed off for a moment. "Doesn't the sky just look bluer?"

Lissa looked at the sky and arched a brow. "Looks like the same old blue to me. What's gotten into you?" She chuckled.

"Sully and I have joined in union!" He sang. Lissa's eyes widened drastically. Thousands of questions whirled in her mind.

"Y-You're married? But you've only just met her!"

"My heart soars and it bursts from joy from this uni-"

"Watch it, Ruffles." Sully growled as she smacked him over the head. "What he means is that we've partnered up, started an alliance together. We're *not* married."

Virion's smile did not waver as he looked at Sully. "Oh Sully, my dearly beloved Sully! We are to be partners! That is celebratory news!"

Sully couldn't help but roll her eyes before she started to walk away with Virion close behind her singing his joy.

And all Lissa could do was scratch her head. "I suppose that could have gone a lot worse." She muttered as she started to walk away.

Author's notes

Virion creeped me out in the beginning me, just me? Okay.

Anyways the last chapter was a little short so here's another chapter :) Thanks to my floormate and of course you!

I have decided to update a chapter every **monday** depending on how long or short each chapter is! So stay tuned!

Follow, favourite, review if you like! Till next time!

Chapter 6: Ch 6 Nuisance

Chapter 6 Nuisance

Lucina chewed on her lip as she walked through the small encampment. Where was her little brother? She had almost walked from one side of the camp to the other and he was still nowhere in sight. She sighed and stopped for a moment. It was then that she heard the sound of a girl giggling to her right. Lucina's head turned before she groaned.

She walked towards the sound, and saw him. He was leaning against a tree, his fingers lightly entwined into some poor girl's hair. The girl stared at him, wonder in her eyes.

"Inigo!" Lucina shouted as she walked towards him. He glanced over and held up a hand to stop her. She arched a very unamused brow and crossed her arms.

But it was then that the girl gasped, slapped him across the face and stalked off. Inigo looked horrified for a moment before he chuckled. When the girl was gone he strode towards her. "Hey Luce." He smiled. "Looking for me?"

"Did you just get slapped, again?" Lucina sighed.

"Happens, unfortunately." Inigo shrugged. "Anyway, what do you need?"

"Do you have to talk to all the girls you see, all the time?"

Inigo smiled. "Beauty inspires me to do great things, dear sis-"

"Don't 'dear sister' me, Inigo. You're a *prince*; you should act more like one! On top of that we are in the middle of a war." Lucina frowned.

He chuckled and shrugged his shoulders again. "I don't see the harm. I could even teach you how to win a man's-"

"I don't want to learn how to win a man's… *anything*!" Lucina exclaimed before she took in a deep breath. "Mother said she wanted to talk to you about something."

"Mother? Why does Mo-" he paused before his face fell. "Oh gods, she knows about my dancing and she wants to see me dance, Luce. You have to help me out here."

Lucina wasn't the least bit interested in helping her little brother, not this time anyway. "It's Mother."

Inigo swallowed hard and yanked on his sister's arm. "Luce, you don't understand, it's *Mother*."

"I'm sure your dancing isn't bad, you'll be fine." Lucina said as she started to walk towards their mother's tent. Inigo was right behind her imploring her to stop.

"Tell her I had a stomach-ache, or I went to eat, or! I went to go train!"

"Inigo, you're as likely to train as you are to stop talking to girls." She sighed and stopped momentarily. "It's *Mother*. You shouldn't be so scared. Besides, you've improved since the first time I've seen you dance."

Inigo looked even more horrified after that. "You've seen me *dance?*"

"Who hasn't?"

"What do you mean 'who has'-? That's beside the point." He breathed in deep as they arrived. "Just tell Mother I – can't." He whispered.

Lucina frowned. "Why?"

"I just can't!" He exclaimed a little too loudly.

"Inigo?" It was their mother. Inigo froze and then started to tip toe away. Lucina quickly gripped his arm. She held him in place in time for their mother to peek outside of her tent. She looked at Lucina quizzically.

"Good evening, Mother." Lucina felt Inigo duck behind her.

"Lucina!" Olivia looked around. "I thought I heard Inigo? Where is he?"

Lucina felt her smile widen. "Right here." She stepped aside to reveal a shocked Inigo.

"Lucina!"

Author's notes

I paired Olivia and Chrom together in the chapter before so I thought I should be consistent. Could you imagine Inigo and Lucina as siblings? It gives me a good chuckle.

Smileplease91: Thank you so much for reading and reviewing first of all! And it's all due to massive time spent on playing Fire Emblem (good bye school work! ha ha) that i get to know the characters and of course there is my fabulous editor :) I do hope you stay continue and read my drabbles!

I Have Gone Away: Of course... school... ugh. I understand that ha ha! Speaking of pairing the children I don't think i've paired any of them together yet :S Well i suppose I should get onto that soon heh heh... But anyway, yes! I do hope more of the fandom drop by! But! until then I'll be here writing :)

Gunlord500: Thanks for reading it! I'm glad you enjoyed my little drabble! hopefully you'll continue reading!

Thanks again to my floor mate who spent time reading this and editing and reviewing! And thanks to YOU for reading:)

Updating every Monday because ... well school :)

Remember to follow and review! Till next time!

Chapter 7: Ch 7 Restart

Chapter 7 Restart

It was scorching hot and Laurent felt it when his eyes started to open. He sat up and groaned. "Where am I?" He rubbed his head.

"At an oasis. Are ya alright there?"

Laurent massaged his temples. "I will be fine." He answered and then looked up.

He found that a small crowd had gathered around him. They all looked intently down at him. Laurent was shocked that he had drawn such a crowd around him. But he managed to gather himself to form a small greeting. "Hello." He said slowly. "Apologies." He waved away the helping hands and then patted the sand from his black cloak.

"Where did ya come from, son?"

Laurent's head shot up, his eyes scanning the elderly man's features before he frowned.

"Apologies, sir, but I am not your son and I would appreciate it if you did not call me as such." Laurent smiled grimly. "My name is Laurent. I am-" He stopped himself.

The probability of having them believe that he was from the future was slim and the last thing he wanted for them to think was that he was… well, crazy.

"Laurent? Are ya alright?" The man looked at him again as he scanned the crowds.

"As I stated before, you need not concern yourself with my welfare." He stated. "Now, I don't mean to intrude but, if possible, a glass of water would be nice. I'm parched."

"Of course, this way." The man ushered him past the crowd of curious eyes and then into a house. "Where are ya from? Walkin' into the desert alone is dangerous, you know; you're lucky you collapsed at an oasis, son – er, boy."

The man handed Laurent a glass to which he nodded his thanks. He brought the cup to his lips and found that he was much thirstier than he had initially thought. He downed the cup in what seemed to be one gulp and then placed it on the table.

"Well?" The man looked at him for answers.

"You are absolutely correct in assuming that I am not from here. I am from Ylisse and I have journeyed far to find my mother and father." He said.

The man scratched his head. "Your ma and pa? Well, I can tell you now that none of you mage-types have passed here for a while."

Laurent took off his hat and set it on his lap. Strange, he would have thought they would have. "Curious." He mumbled.

"Pardon?"

"I don't believe you've given me your name." Laurent smiled. He needed time to think.

"Oh look at my manners, sorry. The name is Derick."

"Derick is of Valmese origins. It means gifted ruler." Laurent stated. The man stared back at him, a blank expression on his face. "I was hoping you could assist me, Derick."

"Sure, need a place to stay for a couple days? What do ya need?"

Laruent gave him a thoughtful look and slowly brought out a small leather bound book. "That is dependent on your answers. Now…" He opened the book to a new page. "The Exalt Emmeryn. Is she still alive?"

Derick furrowed his brow. "Sure thing, as alive as any of us." He paused. "So how hard did you hit your head, exactly?" He sat down as Laurent nodded, jotting down some notes. "Why're you askin' so much questions? Somethin' wrong?"

"So *many* questions, Derick." Laurent glanced up before he put his pen down. "And on the contrary, everything is alright."

He said very slowly. He needed to think. "Apologies for my queries, however I must find the answers in order to ground myself."

Derick leaned back into his chair and frowned "I dun think I could help any but I wanna know, are ya alright there, boy? Not everyday somebody comes in askin' about whether the good lady is alive."

Laurent cleared his throat. "Again, apologies. I am perfectly competent. However, I do need my answers. If you don't mind?"

"Well alright then." Derick nodded. "Queretize away!"

Laurent cringed.

"For how many years has Exalt Emmeryn ruled?"

Derick thought for a moment. "Why, it's been… a while. I believe it's the twelfth year of the good lady's reign."

Laurent flipped through his book, squinting at his notes. His mind raced as he took in all the information that was given to him. He tensed and slowly closed his book. He clutched it tightly.

"Early." He mumbled. Three years early to be exact.

Dread filled his gut. He had arrived three years before the appearance of the Risen. There were more questions than answers swirling through his head and he knew that Derick would not be able to help him anymore. "I've come early."

"You'll have to speak up, can't hear a darn thing you're saying. Can't answer no questions if you be mumbling." Derick leaned more forward, trying to perk his ears.

"Apologies, Derick but if it is alright, could I borrow a room? I need a moment to myself to think."

"S-sure thing. Here." Derick showed him into a room and Laurent sat down. As soon as the door closed his face fell into his hands.

He was early and if he had landed in an inaccurate time then who knew where the others were? Where were Lucina and the others? What if they had landed further back? He needed to find the others. But in this desert, he couldn't simply walk away.

And what of his parents, where were they? Would they come for him? The more he sat there the more questions whirled in his mind.

Laurent looked around the room. His hands were gripped into tight fists. He wanted to see Lucina and the others but even more so he wanted to see his parents. They all would know what to do. They would have come up with a plan to get out.

Doubt and fear settled in his gut and it made him feel queasy. What if he was to never find the group? What if he would never see his parents again? He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

He had to admit never seeing his mother and father were the least of his worries. His biggest fear was the thought of his coming back being all for nothing. He gritted his teeth. Tears burned his eyes but he willed them back.

Lucina and the others had taught him to hope and he would need to somehow cling onto hope until he was found or until he found them.

Author's notes:

When I thought of restart I wanted to write about going back in time... My housemate and I thought it would be interesting to write in Laurent's POV. Poor guy! He flew back a little too far, I feel so sad and I just want to give him a hug :(

Anyways, thanks again for my floormate for reading, editing and revising. Though this time I did change some things after :S

Thank YOU for reading! Updates will come every Monday!

Review, share, follow if you like :) Till next time!

Chapter 8: Ch 8 Misgiving

Chapter 8 Misgiving

"I'm not too sure I like this idea." Kjelle was on the horse, tipping and already losing her balance. Her hand gripped the small nub at the front to center herself and her knees pinched together at the centre. She looked at her mother, unsure if this was a good idea after all. Kjelle had forgotten she had to learn about riding before she could actually ride.

"You'll be fine, kid. Now stop slouching, and take the reins." Sully lightly slapped her legs. "Stop pinching!"

"Sorry ma'am." Kjelle nervously loosened her body and gripped the reigns.

"Alright, go around, and *walk*. If you're as hopeless as I say you are then we're going to have to start *slow.*" Sully, after adjusting Kjelle's hands. "Now nudge her on."

Kjelle looked ahead and gently kicked the horse. The mare glanced back at her and started to walk. It felt impossible that this was happening. Whenever her mother had gotten her on the horse during her childhood the mare would instantly throw her off. Kjelle had come to the conclusion that horses generally didn't like her.

But now that she was actually riding she felt a sense of achievement, but it still made her nervous. Was she doing as well as she thought she was?

The mare tossed her head. Kjelle pulled back and straightened the horse. She could imagine all the things she was doing wrong right now and the thought made her nervous. She was critiqued hard on her riding because her mother was such a natural. She gripped hard on the reins, determined to do well.

The horse pulled again and glanced back at her.

"Good girl." Kjelle mumbled petting the horse before pulling the reins again. She was going to do well, she convinced herself. She was going to impress her mother.

"Stop pinching your knees!" She heard her mother yell and just as she looked over the horse reared up and threw her off.

Kjelle yelped, landing on the hard dirt floor. She crawled over to safety as the mare walked off, tossing her head.

"Are you alright?" Sully strode towards the horse and looked at her. "Hey kid, you alright?"

"Fine, ma'am." She said. "I thought I was doing so well."

"You started pinching your knees again. On top of that you were yanking on the reins too hard. She didn't like it." Sully patted the horse's neck. Kjelle stood up and dusted herself off.

"I guess I have some work to do." Kjelle frowned. Her mother patted her shoulders.

"Hey, don't worry," Sully chuckled and offered her hand. "We're not all experts the first time."

Kjelle smiled and took her mother's hand. Sully pulled her up easily and then took in a deep breath. "It seems we have some work cut out for us. Now, get back on her."

"I don't think that's a good idea." Kjelle mumbled again, but Sully was already dragging her back towards the mare.

Author's Notes

I always thought Sully would be a tough but fair mom :) kind of like my own ha ha haaaa...

Big thanks to my floormate for reading this again, this would not be possible without her, or YOU for that matter :) so thanks for reading!

Updates every Monday!

Review, share, favrouite, if you're up for it! Thanks again! Until next time!

Chapter 9: Ch 9 Tingle

Chapter 9 Tingle

Yarne pointed at the Pegasus and then turned to Morgan. "So you want me to…"

"Get on him." Morgan finished, nodding.

"Why?" Yarne asked the question slowly as if he could buy more time to think of a way to escape.

"You did say you wanted to know how it felt to fly." Nah pointed out. Yarne glanced at the Manakete and laughed nervously.

"I'm pretty sure that's a mistake. You don't understand, rabbits don't fly, not well anyways." He carefully peered over the tall cliff.

"If they get on a Pegasus they will." Morgan smiled widely. Yarne swallowed hard, feeling his body shake. "Oh don't be so scared, he wouldn't hurt you." He smiled petting the winged horse's mane. The stallion pawed the ground and looked at him.

"I'm not saying that he would hurt me," Yarne gulped again, "I'm just worried that… you know… *I'll fall off and die*."

"Nonsense!" Morgan laughed, "Come on, I'll be right there with you."

"I don't know if I want to do this." Yarne backed away slowly but before he was safely away from the cliff there was a brilliant flash of light. And one second his feet were firmly on the ground and the next they weren't.

Yarne screamed looking down below at the deep valley. His feet cycled in the air as if he could somehow find some footing. This was it, this was going to be it, Nah was going to let him go and he would be falling to his death in no time. He gulped, feeling a knot in his chest tighten.

"Gods, Nah, put me down!" Yarne shouted. His voice shook with fear. He could feel tingling in his feet, as he continued to try and find some kind of air ground that he knew did not exist.

"Oh you big baby, you'll be fine, just don't look down." Nah chuckled.

That was the thing. Yarne *couldn't* stop looking down at the vast valley that was carved between two mountains. He could see a small river snaking through the trees and though he knew he should be marveling at the sight, he could feel nothing but his shaking body. The constant tingling in his feet – he always knew he wasn't meant for flight.

"Put me down!"

Nah chuckled and lowered him onto the Pegasus before dropping him onto the horse. Yarne took no time, once his feet touched the back of the horse to scramble towards Morgan. His arms instantly wrapped tightly around him. His eyes squeezed tightly together.

"I don't want to go extinct. I don't want to go extinct."

"Yarne!" Morgan's voice was hoarse. "I – can't… breathe."

"How do you think I feel?" Yarne exclaimed. "I told you rabbits don't fly well!"

"Oh come on, look up, feel the wind!" He heard Nah's voice beside them.

Yarne let one eye open before the second. The Manakete's wings were outstretched catching the wind beneath them. And the feathers on the Pegasus rippled as they glided through the air. He, very slowly, loosened his grip on Morgan before he looked around.

The air whipped his ears back, as the swooped close to the mountains. Maybe he could get used to this. He felt a smile slide onto his face before they rocked back which sent Yarne right back into defense mode.

"Oops, watch for the turbulence." Morgan chuckled, his voice gasping for air again.

"Turbulence?" Yarne shouted feeling himself shake harder than ever. "Put me down! Now!"

Author's Note

^ I'm so sorry for not updating, school has been a real pain in the butt! and the sad part is that i still got exams! So for those of you in exams season and all that jazz, I Hope this chapter cheered you up :) Remember to relax once in a while!

Special thanks to my floormate who took time to read this, and of course you for reading!

Remember to favourite, review and share if you're all about that :) - Till next time!

Chapter 10: Ch 10 Skinny Dipping

Chapter 10 Skinny Dipping

Inigo arched a suggestive brow. "What do you say?" He pointed at the lake.

Brady scratched the back of his head and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, this don't look like such a good idea." He crossed his arms and stared out into the dark water. "Are ya sure it's safe?"

"I'm sure it's fine." Owain patted the healer's back, hard. "If there should be a lake monster I shall slay it and mount it's head on-"

"Lake monster?" Yarne was quick to huddle away from the conversation. "I'm not going in, if there is a lake monster down there. You can't-"

Inigo frowned at Owain before he turned back to Yarne. "There's no such thing, Yarne. Don't worry so much. So what do you say?" His arm patted the rabbit's shoulder. When no one answered him Inigo leaned back into his chair. "I would say we're all due for a bath."

"In a tub, not in a lake." Yarne said slowly.

"Well I'm going in!" Owain smiled widely already starting to strip down. Inigo joined his first cousin and in no time they were in the water. "It's so warm!"

"Ha! It's because I pe-!"

"Oh. That – is – so – *gross*, *Inigo*!" Owain shoved his cousin into the water.

Brady watched the two and then sighed. Yarne looked at the priest in much horror. "You're not getting in as well are you?"

"I might as well. Ma has been ragin' about how gross I smell." He said as he shrugged out of his shirt. Yarne tipped toed to the lake and dipped his feet.

Brady sneezed and started into the water when Yarne's ears twitched.

"Cynthia and Severa are coming!" Yarne screamed into the lake to which all the boys froze and turned towards him. "Dive! Dive! Dive!"

Brady changed into the water while Inigo and Owain ducked under the water. And just as they disappeared beneath the surface the two girls came charging, swords drawn.

"Yarne?" Severa relaxed her blade, "What are you…?"

"Are you okay?" Cynthia asked, clearly concerned. Yarne gulped and nodded.

"Totally fine, actually, I was just… just um…um…"

"Just…?" Severa seemed to be glaring holes into his head. Yarne's mind raced to find an excuse to get the girls out but nothing came to mind.

"Stubbed my toe!" Yarne chuckled pointing at his foot. "On a rock!"

"Is that what you were shouting about?" Cynthia laughed, lowered her fists. "I swear you were calling us, must have been my imagination." Severa sheathed her blade and rolled her eyes.

Yarne laughed "Anyway, everything is fine, nothing wrong here, I think Chrom said something about wanting to see you."

"Where is everybody?" Severa looked around just as Inigo burst from the surface, his face red.

"Are they gone?" Inigo gasped for air followed by the two other boys.

"Oh my!" Severa screamed shielding her eyes before shielding Cynthia's. "Why are you such a disgusting scumbag Inigo!?"

Author's notes

I'm slowly trying to make up for the weeks I've missed ha ha ha haaaa... anyways, I had a little fun writing this because, i mean, skinny dipping always makes me laugh.

Special thanks to my floormate and you!

I'm trying to update every monday!

Favourite, review and share if you're all about that! - Till next time!

Chapter 11: Ch 11 Secret Alliance

Chapter 11 Secret Alliance

"Why don't you go ask Inigo?" Owain yawned. Lissa chuckled and ruffled her son's hair to which he winced.

"Because Chrom told him to go train after that skinny dipping incident which, fortunately for you, I find absolutely hilarious." Lissa smiled widely.

"Can't hold your breath more than a couple seconds? Did you know I can hold my breath for a minute?" Nowi took in a deep breath and puffed out her cheeks.

"Ah, I'd much rather you not." Lissa nervously patted the manakete's back "So what do you say?"

Owain only gave it a moment's thought before he burst forth from his chair. "I'm in! So how shall we take action? My hand twitches! Bring forth the plan!"

Nowi shoved the tall swordsman down, back to the chair. "So here's the plan, we've dug a hole and laid it over with leaves and sticks, we need you to lead him there."

"Me?" Owain pointed at himself. The two girls nodded. Owain proudly smiled, "I knew you needed me for something."

xxx

"Do you think it worked?" Lissa ducked behind some tents before she heard a scream. "Success!" The two girls ran out just to find Chrom looking into the pit. Nowi looked at Lissa both of their eyebrows arched in confusion.

"Are you alright?" Chrom asked reaching down to help. Owain chuckled nervously in response. "Wow, this hole is dangerous, I'll have it filled in right away. You might want to get your face looked at, there's a nasty cut." Chrom pointed.

"No scar is too much for Owain, the great! The magnificent!" Owain shouted as he struggled up the walls of the ditch and when he found he couldn't exactly climb it he took Chrom's hand.

"Are you alright?" Chrom asked again as he hauled him up.

"This is but a flesh wound, nothing can dampen my spirits! I will be ready for my next battle!"

Chrom stared at him and then nodded slowly. "Right."

Owain stared back at Chrom and then cleared his throat. "I'll go get something for face." Owain said before joining Lissa and Nowi.

"So that didn't work." He muttered.

"Clearly, *you* fell in instead of Chrom." Nowi pouted.

"Hey I lost track of the hole!" Owain sighed before they heard Chrom's voice behind them. The trio very slowly turned towards the Prince.

"Heh, oh hey bro." Lissa smiled sheepishly. "What are you doing here?"

"Over hearing a conversation apparently. Did you dig that hole?" He turned to Lissa who was silently smiling. "I'm… shoc- Did you really?"

"Yeah, got the shovel and everything."

"Wow, really? But that's a huge- I mean somebody could have gotten hurt, go fill it in. I need to see Robin, no more pranks!" He looked pointedly at all three of them before walking away.

Nowi cleared her throat "Isn't Robin taking a bath right now? Maybe somebody should warn him."

Lissa chuckled mischievously "I got a hole to fill in."

"Me too." Owain smiled "That hole being my stomach." He said as all three of them started to slowly walk away a wide smile spread on each of their faces.

Author's Note

Heh. That was a fun one to write! I hope everyone had an amazing holiday! I'm going to resume updating Mondays now. During the break there were so many things! I hope you don't mind!

Thanks for reading! Thanks for following!

Special thanks to my AWESOME floormate again who always takes time to edit this 3

Favourite, follow and review if you're up for it! Till next time! Updates on Mondays!

Chapter 12: Ch 12 Tryst

Chapter 12 Tryst

He didn't know what he was thinking when he did that. It wasn't like him and even Chrom had shared the same surprised expression when Lon'qu had asked Chrom to take over Severa's sword practice.

But now that he had done it there was no backing away from it now. He looked at the forest and slowly started to make his way through it. There was no path and he was not going to dull his blade simply to carve himself one. He could do it. Or so he thought.

Lon'qu's large frame seemed to burrow through the shrubbery unsuccessfully as each branch and twig would try to cling onto him. He hissed as he snapped a branch from his face and kicked some plants from his feet. But after a long struggle he made it.

He could see the small pond in the distance and Cordelia standing there, facing the small body of water. Asmall smile slipped into his features as he paused to look at her. She had a small frame for somebody who was so strong, but it added to her charm, Lon'qu thought.

Her red hair shown and her armor glistened from the sun. It gave her a look of some mythical goddess for a moment before she turned around, a blade in her hand.

Lon'qu stumbled, before he caught himself on a root and fell face flat on the ground. He cursed himself for being so clumsy and as he slowly got up, he heard Cordelia's musical laughter.

"Having a little trouble are we?" She smiled as she helped him through the rest of the way. He grumbled before he freed himself from the trees.

"I never want to do that again." He grunted as he dusted himself off. Cordelia laughed again, helping him pick off the stray leaves and twigs that had stuck to his clothing and hair. It seemed as though he had left the trees but still had managed to bring the whole forest to her. "I apologize."

Cordelia picked out the last of the leaves and smiled. "No need, you reminded me of a small boy back at home. He would drag all sorts of twigs, leaves and mud into his house. His mother would never let him hear the end of it."

Lon'qu frowned again at the comparison but he could see the laughter dancing in her eyes as she looked at him. They stood there in a moment of silence before Cordelia broke it.

"Did you need me for something?" She asked softly.

"I, well…" His voice started to stick to his throat and his mind scrambled as if had set off some kind of alarm. Lon'qu looked away for a moment before he glanced back up. "I wanted to see you."

Cordelia smiled. "Well I am here."

Lon'qu struggled to find words. He was never great at romance, it had been a miracle for Cordelia to have said 'yes' to his proposal. But now that she did, all he wanted to do was see her and talk to her which was near impossible because of their mission. He was always doing one thing on one side of the camp when she was always on the other.

And even at night, they would fall asleep so fast neither of them had even a second for a greeting.

"I thought it would be best if I told you why I have this… inclination." Lon'qu furrowed his brow instantly wanting nothing more than to take back what he had just said. He wanted to be with her, not bore her with his stupid life.

Cordelia smiled gently and took his hands into hers. Lon'qu tensed as if a shock had run through his arms.

"You know you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"I should." He answered. "I think it would be best." Cordelia looked at him, concern in her eyes before she nodded. Lon'qu swallowed hard, gripping her hands in his as if she could somehow know simply by holding his hand.

He paused for a moment, trying to gather his wit. He could already find that his courage was starting to leave him and even his legs had started to wobble. He sat and motioned Cordelia to do the same.

"It started with Ke'ri…"

xxx

Cordelia looked at him before she moved her hand onto his face. He didn't move and let her lay it there. Her hand was warm and gentle against his skin and instinctively he leaned in. He wanted her to say something, to promise that she wouldn't die like Ke'ri had but they were in a war, no one could afford such promises.

"I don't want to lose you too." He paused for what seemed like eternity, studying his wife's face before he stood up and looked away. He gripped his hands into tight fists. "I am afraid." Lon'qu admitted quietly through gritted teeth.

He hadn't heard Cordelia get up, but her hand was on his, easing his fists before she moved in front of him. She cupped his face, determination sparking in her eyes.

"I can't promise I'll live," Cordelia started. "But I promise I will do anything in my power to stay alive. I will not leave you behind."

Lon'qu looked at her, searching her face, searching her features as if somehow they could tell the future for the two of them. Lon'qu could only see the fire in her eyes burning, melting away any of his insecurities.

His hands shook as he raised them but it seemed to cease when he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close to his chest.

"Then I promise the same," he murmured, squeezing tightly as if she could somehow disappear. "I will never leave you."

Author's notes

Cordelia and Lon'qu's ship must sail!

Special thanks to my awesome floormate who had time to edit this! And thanks for reading!

Remember to review! and favourite and all of that if you're up for it :) Till next time!

Chapter 13: Ch 13 Family Reunions

Chapter 13: Basilio teasing LQ getting together with Cordelia - Arequest from a tumblr anon :)

Lon'qu sat down at the table and looked at Flavia who was chatting with a few of her soldiers in the distance. Basilio had convinced him to come eat dinner at Regna Ferox with them and encouraged him to bring Cordelia along. Of course, Lon'qu invited her and was absolutely relieved when she declined and said that she was busy that day with some patrolling duties she couldn't pass off.

Who knew what the two had in store for her if she came. The last time Basilio had teased him about Cordelia was on the battlefield and that had ended rather… poorly. He had bounded off and left him with a hoard of undead soldiers. The memory lightly irritated him but it was the Basilio's way of doing things.

"So, ready for dinner?" Flavia approached the table and Lon'qu instinctually got up but Flavia waved for him to sit. "So where's Basilio? He said he would be here by now." She grumbled as she pulled out a chair to sit.

Lon'qu could only shrug his shoulders. "I haven't seen him-"

"Lon'qu!" His booming voice easily traveled across the large dining room. It took him by surprise and he shot up from his chair nearly knocking it over. Basilio laughed. "Sit! Sit! Where is she? Did she come?"

Flavia's eyes lit up more than Lon'qu was comfortable with. "Oh yeah!" She slapped the table, hard. "She was supposed to come right? Her name is Cordelia right? Where is she?" Her eyes scanned the dining room as if Cordelia would just hop out of thin air and present herself.

"She wanted to be here but there was something she needed to take care of." Lon'qu said slowly, growing a little wary of their enthusiasm towards the topic of his love life. He shifted in his seat rather nervously, wishing Cordelia was here after all.

Flavia frowned. "Aw, too bad I was really looking forward to meeting her. Basilio's told me all about her." She jabbed Basilio excitedly.

Lon'qu stared at Basilio while gesturing to Falvia. "You told… her?"

"Of course I did!" Basilio smiled widely. "How could I not? We're so proud of you, you know that? Lon'qu got his first girlfriend and now he's even married." He looked Flavia. "We should have celebrated."

Lon'qu, at that point, wanted nothing more than to slowly slip out of the room but being as empty as it was, he doubt it would've worked.

"He went from fearing girls to marrying one. They grow up so fast." Flavia agreed with a sigh and then turned to him "Anyway how are things with her?"

"Good." He answered shortly, unsure what they wanted to hear about anything at all. Ever since Basilio found out that he was dating it was almost all they ever talked about.

"Cordelia, seems like a very strong and sweet woman. I think you've snagged yourself a keeper." Flavia winked.

It didn't seem like he had snagged anything. He was just lucky that Cordelia only had eyes for… him. The thought made his face heat up. Lon'qu was quiet for a moment a small smile on his face.

Basilio laughed as the food was being served. When the servants were done placing the food in front of them, Flavia waved them away. Lon'qu looked at the Khan and when he saw that her smile was gone from her face he could feel the easy air had gotten tense.

He shifted in his chair. Flavia looked at Basilio and then nodded. "Now I think it's time we move to something much more…serious. It's why we called you here, Lon'qu." He looked at her and there was intensity in her eyes he had never seen.

Lon'qu quickly straightened up in his chair. "My blade is yours if you need it," he found himself saying. His eyebrows knit together as he looked at Basilio but the former Khan's face gave no reassurance. He could hope that it wasn't something he couldn't handle. His thoughts quickly flashed to Cordelia.

"We've got a question for you." Flavia called his attention back to her.

"What do you nee-"

"You married Cordelia, so when are the grandchildren coming?" Basilio demanded, standing up.

Lon'qu's eyes shot wide open. "P-pardon?" Heat rushed back into his face, incredulous of what was really happening in front of him. Was this what all of this was about? Here he thought there was another coming war on their borders.

Flavia joined her counterpart in standing. "It's been *two* years Lon'qu. Children! We want to see them soon before we all die of old age. They're part of your plan aren't they?"

Unsure how to answer he only stammered. "I…" In truth he had never talked about it much with her but he knew that children were definitely part of the plan. And Severa was proof enough of that.

"Two, we want at least two." Flavia motioned to him.

"Two? Come on, at least four! No, no, six!" Basilio looked at him. Lon'qu pressed himself as far as he could into the seat as they suggested the number of children they wanted him and Cordelia to have. They were absurd numbers and he couldn't wait for this conversation to end.

But they finally finished when Flavia pressed her face close to his sternly. "Do you understand us? We want to be grandparents. So get a move on."

Basilio was seated again. He wriggled his brows at Lon'qu. "Now if you need help seducing her, you can always come to me for help."

That was it. "E-excuse me." He coughed pushing his seat back so he could have a moment to himself. He just needed a moment to recuperate because once he was back sitting he was sure he would be interrogated once again.

"Oh look what you've done, you big oaf, you scared him off. *Now* where am I supposed to get more details?" He heard Flavia shout far behind him.

Author's notes

I'm going to start uploading again, I'm so sorry I haven't been uploading. Things got really busy and I had to stop writing for a bit but I think I'm back :)

Review subscribe if that's your way. I'd love to hear from you guys 3

Till next time!

Chapter 14: Ch 14 Friendship

Chapter 14 Friendship

Some of them stood, most them of them sat. But all of them looked tired, scratches and bruises littered over their bodies from the battle. Brady and Laurent had done all they could for them. Now all they could do was wait.

The sound of the whetstone filled their ears as they prepared for the coming battle. With only thirteen of them left, a truth was very apparent: they were not going to last the night.

There was grim silence amongst all of them, their eyes meeting just briefly before returning to their work. It was so hard to remember what this place had looked like before Grima had destroyed it; even if it was only a few days ago.

It was hard to believe that once, where they stood, was where the castle used to be. It was hard to believe that this was all even happening. Their parents were taken away from them so quickly, one after the other. It wasn't fair. Each of them took turns saying the phrase.

It. wasn't. Fair.

Why did their parents need to die? Why did they leave them here by themselves to clean up a mess that they couldn't possibly even think of cleaning? Their faces were tense with their own reasons of anger, fear, sadness and confusion. How could this all have happened in a few days? Everything they had known, all gone.

Black smoke filled the sky and the air was thick with the stench of blood and rotting bodies of the dead. The silence between all of them was heavy. No one wanted to speak and no one dared to. What would they say? They could barely console themselves, let alone another person. They already knew that this was hopeless.

But Morgan was the first to break the silence. "We can fix this, can't we?" his voice was hoarse from not speaking for so long. He looked around, trying to be hopeful, but not even Cynthia or Owain could muster a smile.

"With what?" Severa snarled at him. Morgan flinched. "We barely lasted the night. What makes you think we'll be able to survive this anymore?"

Morgan looked to his sister who was without an answer. She stared off into the distance with blank eyes. He knew what was she was thinking of because it was what he was thinking of.

What would Mom and Dad do? The question was hard to answer and the more he thought about it, the more frustrated and angry he got.

"Can't we?" Trying to rouse some kind of hope with them, but it was a feeble attempt.

"Look. Around. You, Morgan. Everyone is dead!" Severa snapped at him coldly, her voice heightening in volume. "If you're looking for hope, or some kind of out, there is *none*. There is nothing that is going to help us. Everyone is gon-"

"That's enough, Severa!" Inigo interrupted angrily.

Severa sharply turned to Inigo and narrowed her eyes. "I'm just saying what everyone is thinking; you know I'm right."

"It's just us now. Our parents, troops and allies have all been wiped out. Even if we last tonight, what about the coming night? Or the night after?" Gerome shifted in his armor and hunched over. His jaw tightened. "Severa's right."

Morgan looked desperately at all of them. He was just as weary but it couldn't end like this. He needed, more than anything, something to believe in. Even if it was just a sliver of hope, he would take it.

"There's nowhere to go. We can't win." Kjelle's voice sounded forced. Her hands clutched her lance with a grip so tight it threatened to snap the base.

Severa looked away. She did not revel in the fact that she was right. There was no victory in being right about this. She gritted her teeth biting back tears. "We're done for."

"Then what are we going to do about it?" Lucina's voice was close to a whisper but everyone heard it and they all turned towards her. She turned towards them. "We're going to let them kill us then?"

"What else is there to do?" Yarne scoffed. "We have nothing and no one."

Lucina looked at all of them, nervous, unsure of herself but still determined. "There is no one else but us. And no one is going to help us now." She agreed softly. "But what are we going to do? We're the only people who are standing between Grima and the world. What would our parents say if we didn't give it our all to stop this?"

"Lucina, we have noth-" Cythia started.

"We have *nothing.*" Lucina looked at Cynthia, her voice growing with intensity. Her hands gripped tightly together. "That means we have nothing to lose. Grima has taken everything from us and who are we to just sit back and let him have it? We are the daughters and sons of the best and we'll be damned if we didn't give it our all. So we fight. Even if it takes our lives we are going to take back our homes!"

There was silence. There was a long silence and then Severa stood up her body tense her hands gripping her blades. Her face said it all. The frustration, the fury that was in her eyes matched nothing Lucina had ever seen.

"I can go with that. For my mom and dad I'll rip Grima's throat out or die trying." She growled through her gritted teeth. "You're right. I have nothing to lose."

"We stand together." Gerome nodded.

"For my mom and dad." Inigo hissed.

One by one they stood up, determination sparking in all of them. Fight to the end, or not at all. Grima was going to die.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

"Fall back!" Lucina screamed as she thrust her sword into an undead soldier. They were swarming them and there was no way they could fight anymore. There was nothing more she could ask of them her team, of her friends. They needed to regroup, that's what her father would do.

"Where to?" Gerome swooped low on Minerva.

"The courtyard!" Lucina screamed. She felt electric sparks and flames fly past her face. "Get to the courtyard *now*."

They ran, sprinted down, and from the corner of her eyes she could see all of them following her. Lucina could only hope that she was making the right call. For all of their sakes. Her heart pounded in her chest as she realized that perhaps this could be futile.

She could feel the undead breathing down her neck. Grima was screaming for their deaths.

They were going to die. She wasn't ready to die. She could see the fear in the eyes of her friends beside her.

Shepherds.

Lucina's head whirled, trying to catch where the voice was coming from. She must have been hearing things. She wasn't used to being called such a thing but they were. They were the shepherds of the world now.

Shepherds, listen to me.

"Do you hear that?" Brady looked at her. Lucina glanced at him, unsure if they were talking about the same thing. "The voice?" He asked like he had read her mind.

The others seemed to hear it as well.

"Who is that?" Yarne asked, gasping for breath. As they swerved into the courtyard they dove into a trench. The Courtyard was now a ghost of what it once was. Holes the size of craters littered the field.

There isn't time to explain. We need to stop Grima, but in your state we no longer can.

"Who are you?" Severa demanded. The undead were biting down on their heels and if they didn't hurry they were all dead. "Tell us now!"

I am Naga. But there is not time to explain. Shepherds, we must stop Grima at any cost.

"Get to the point!" Gerome eased Minerva as she nervously swung her head. Her jaws smoked with flame. They were all nervous Lucina could feel it in the air.

We need to stop this from ever happening. A future where no child needs to see their parents die.

"We can't go into the past, that's logically imposs-" Laurent began.

I've opened the portal but there is no guarantee you will stay together. It is the best I can offer.

Lucina had a split second to make a decision. Their eyes all turned to her, nervous. *'What do you say?'* Lucina didn't ask. She didn't have to ask, she just had to look at them. She could hear the soldiers behind her getting closer and closer.

But for a moment everything was quiet as they looked at each other. "We give them hope. So this doesn't happen." Yarne said and then jumped and disappeared behind the portal.

"I'll see on the other side, then." Lucina gave them a flicker of a smile and then they all jumped.

Authors Note

I thought I'd throw in a serious one. Hope you like it though :)

Review, subscribe :) I'd love to hear from you guys

- Till next time!

Chapter 15: Ch 15 Wednesdays

Chapter 15 Wednesday

"You don't have to do this, I'm sure I can find my way around the camp." Priam said, holding the tent flap open with one hand while the other held his sword. He was just going to go train and finding the training ring was usually no problem. All he had to do was follow the grunts and the clashing metal and he was sure to arrive.

"I insist." Robin smiled. "We'd hate for you to miss meal times and besides, you don't even know where all the practice weapons are." She motioned lightly to his weapons.

He paused and then nodded. "Alright, fine." He nodded and then started to follow her around the encampment. As they walked through, the first place Robin showed him to was the kitchen. She waved at a Pegasus rider he didn't recognize and then turned to him.

"Breakfast at eight-thirty, lunch at twelve and dinner is at seven." She started, numbering off the times with her fingers. "We have cooking shifts and when it's your shift, you have to start prepping at *least* half an-"

"An hour!" the Pegasus rider interrupted.

Robin sighed. "Fine. At least an *hour* before meal time. You have to talk to Fredrick about your shift." She paused and then looked at him. "You know who that is right?"

"The knight in the light blue armor, I think I've seen him here and there." Priam nodded. Robin smiled and then continued to motion to the place where they took baths and did their laundry which was in the same location: the river.

"We have separate times for those, so please pay attention to that." She warned him and then continued onto the mess hall where they saw a Taguel stuffing his face with what looked like leftovers from lunch.

After, they turned their way to the armory and then the training grounds. She didn't have to tell him for him to know they were close. He could hear the soft grunts of training warriors, the sharp sounds of clashing practice swords and hard the *thud* of arrows hitting their targets.

"I got turned around a few times when I first arrived and there was only a few of us. So don't feel bad if you get lost. We're always here to-"

"Move and you're going to get stung." Ahigh pitched voice caught both of their attentions. As they slowly turned they heard Gaius' voice also, strained and shaking.

"That's not reassuring, or encouraging, Nowi!"

"Don't worry, you're almost there. You asked for this. Do you want to get over your fear or not?" Her voice was careful and slow. Robin slowly walked over beginning to peer over a tent and he slowly followed, feeling a twinge of curiosity prod him forward.

Gaius' voice grew louder. "Fine! Fine! Fine! I'm over it! Now get them off!"

He had to admit the more the two talked the more his curiosity was piqued. He and Robin quickly turned the corner and immediately his jaw wanted to drop. His eyes shot wide open and he felt his face contort with surprise and horror.

Gaius was swarmed with bees on his body. He was literally *wearing* bees on his body as if it was just any part of his armor. The only difference was that Gaius was standing deathly still, his eyes wide with as much horror as his own.

Nowi was humming a casual tune as she playfully invited the bees towards their temporary home. Gaius squirmed, his eyes snapping closed.

"Get them off, Nowi!"

"Just a few more." She grinned widely. "This is going to be… worth it!" She sang.

Priam shifted his eyes to Robin. "What's happening? Should we not do something? What is wrong with this girl?"

Robin paused and then looked back at him with a shrug. "I wouldn't worry too much. It's just a Tuesday. You should see Wednesdays." She said and then started walking towards the training ring.

Priam stared at the poor soul and then started to realize what Robin had just said. "Wait…" He started and then raced after her. "What happens on Wednesdays?"

Author's notes

After a serious one here's a lighter one :) Big thanks to my housemate who is STILL editing my work even if we're not staying together for the summer.

Thanks for reading! I really hope you enjoyed it! Favourite, Review

Till next time!

Chapter 16: Ch 16 Graveyard Shift

Chapter 16 Graveyard Shift

"You know about the ground that we're camped on, right?" Anna grinned as she looked at Cynthia and Owain. The two looked at each other and then looked up at the merchant. Tharja rolled her eyes but lifted her hands to the fire to keep warm.

It was their turn to keep watch of the borders from sundown to the morning. Of course Anna and Tharja offered to be the first to watch while the two went to sleep but Anna couldn't possibly resist.

"What do you mean?" Cynthia asked with a blank expression on her face. "Was there something here?"

"Acreature?" Owain guessed loudly only to be hushed by Cynthia. "Has it been slain? If not, I shall slay it and keep its head as a trophy!"

Cynthia frowned, "That's really gross, Owain, why would you want a head of a dead creature?"

"It's a waste if you just let it rot." Tharja agreed, "But if you take the hair, the eyes, brain, tongue and maybe the teeth? You should have a working hex, or maybe a good poison." Tharja gave them a toothy grin which made them gulp.

Anna lifted her brows and then knit them together with concern. "You mean you don't know? Chrom didn't tell you? This could be worrisome."

"Chrom didn't tell us, what?" Cynthia leaned towards the fire for the warmth. Owain reached for his water and took a small sip of it and then looked at the merchant intently.

"We're camped right above an ancient graveyard." Anna told them, like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Owain spat his water into the fire and it sizzled, protesting the moisture. Cynthia felt her face pale her hand quickly grabbing her lance. Tharja crossed her arms and then looked at Anna, a small smirk pulling at the corners of her mouth.

"G-ghosts?" Cynthia stammered and then shook her head. "They don't exist." She looked at Owain for reassurance and Owain was quick to give it. He nodded quickly and gulped.

"Right? They don't."

Tharja's smirk turned toothy and the flames casted eerie shadows on her face. "But *don't they*? How many times have you heard a twig snap and there was nothing there? Or hear something shatter when there was no one near it?"

"It's the wind, or small animals." Owain stated, firmly and then gulped. "Nothing more."

Anna chuckled darkly. "Or it could be a sprit. The graveyard we're camped above doesn't have many vengeful spirits. So we don't have much to worry about." She heard the two breathe a sigh of relief and then continued. "But there is one in particular that we need to look out for and that's the Headless Ripper"

Cynthia and Owain quickly shot back up at attention again. Cynthia cleared her throat nervously. "I-I don't think I want to know. Maybe we should go to sleep first." She feebly suggested. But it was quickly pushed aside.

"But if you go to sleep, and we go patrol, the Ripper might come and you won't know how to protect yourself from him." Tharja explained. "He's an efficient killer; what he does is while you sleep he-"

"I don't want to know!" Cynthia plugged her ears and wildly shook her head.

"My sword hand twitches! He will die by my hand. Don't worry Cynthia, I will protect us both!" Owain said with as much confidence as he could muster, which didn't seem like a whole lot since his voice was shaking slightly.

"Sp-speak for yourself! I will kill it and become the hero!" Cynthia unplugged her ears and gripped her weapon.

"Ah, but the tale says that if you kill the Headless Ripper with a blade-" Anna paused for a moment. "Then you *become* the Ripper."

The two stared at her, wide eyed. "What? Then how are we to defeat it? What if he goes into the camp?" Cynthia exclaimed, her eyes widening. "They're in danger! We have to tell them!"

"Hold on, Cynthia." Anna motioned her to sit. "We don't want people to panic. We'll warn the others once we see him. He's a slow walker. When he comes, run to the camp."

"There isn't a way to totally defeat it, but if you hear a thumping or a crunching sound, hold your breath and close your eyes. He'll think you're dead and he'll pass by." Tharja told them. "But if you don't, it's said that he has glowing red eyes, and a head that's half rotten to the skull. He has a wide grin on his face, and all his victims, he carves the same grin on theirs."

Anna turned to Tharja, "He was also a serial killer who butchered villages. He was beheaded."

Tharja nodded. Then something happened. The Dark Mage inhaled sharply, her hand gripping her spell book tightly. "He's here." Her eyes narrowed.

"What?" Cynthia and Owain's heads whirled from one direction to the next until they saw a tall dark figure walking slowly towards them, grunting.

Anna stood and gripped her blade. "You two, quickly, warn the others. We'll fight him!"

"But you'll turn into the Ripper!" Desperate concern filled Owain's features. "You can't do anything, you said so yourself!"

"We can hold him off, now go!" Tharja snapped at both of them, her hands burning with a dark flame. She shot it forward and a loud groan was the last thing Cynthia and Owain heard before they bolted towards the camp.

Moments later the figure slowly approached them. "What on earth was that for? That hit me in the gut! As if *trying* to get here wasn't hard enough, you had to throw something at me." Stahl frowned, emerging from the forest.

"Where are Cynthia and Owain? I thought they were supposed to be on patrol duty tonight." He looked at where the two had left their packs and then handed the two women a bowl of fruit. His brow was raised. "Don't tell me you told them about the Headless Ripper, did you?"

Anna's grin widened just as the sound of deafening shouts rang out from the camp.

Author's note

Hiya guys! Thanks for reading so far! I really hope you've enjoyed yourself!

Review and Favourite if you're into all of that!

Till next time!

Chapter 17: Ch 17 Surprise

Chapter 17: Surprise

Sumia felt so lightheaded and she couldn't understand why. She tried to blink away the tilting world, but it seemed to get worse. Quickly, she hooked her arm around Gaius', mostly for balance, if anything.

What was making her so dizzy? Was it something she ate? Or maybe something she did?

When she looked at Gaius she found that he was already looking at her. Amusement was clear on his face as he smiled his usual crooked smile at her. She blinked, had he said something? She offered a hesitant smile.

"Did you hear anything I just said, babe?" He chuckled.

"I was a little preoccupied." She laughed gently. "Sorry."

"I said: do you want to go to the Market sometime?" He laughed and kissed her head. "I think they opened up a new candy store. And I think I want to go make something and it would be the perfect time to buy supplies, what do you think?"

It was a good idea. She hadn't been to the Market in a while. It would be nice to spend time with just each other. But she just felt so nauseous lately. Her feeling of nausea seemed to heighten and grow worse by the minute. She felt like she could throw up at any given moment.

Gaius unhooked her arm and laced his around her waist, propping her up against him. She looked up at him and found his face laced with concern. "Are you alright, sugar? You look a bit pale."

"Do I? I feel fine," she lied. Gaius frowned.

"You don't look fine. Maybe you should lie down, for a few minutes." He pressed his free hand on her forehead. "Did you eat something funny?"

She shrugged her shoulder and leaned into him. "I don't know… I'm just dizzy and nauseous." Sumia admitted and then sighed. "I don't want to keep you from the Market, I'll go lie down and you go."

He pushed her forehead. "My wife is sick if you haven't noticed. I'm not going anywhere. Now let's get back to the tent, hm?" He gently moved her and then laid her down on the bed. She sighed and clumsily tried to work off her armor.

"Alright, stumbles, I'll do that for you." He smiled, his nimble fingers unclasping each piece of armor. He set the pieces to the side and then loosened her belt.

"I don't like the nickname stumbles, you know that." She whined. He chuckled again and took out a small lollipop for her.

"Sugar, then?" He winked and kissed her head. She smiled thought it looked more forced than necessary. Gaius' brow furrowed tightly as he brushed some hair from her face. His eyes widened at the contact because she was sweating.

"Babe, you're sweating."

"Hot flash." The room seemed to spin when she opened her eyes. She had been getting a lot of those in the past few days. "I'll be fine. Don't worry too much, Gaius."

He raised a brow which made her laugh. "You're melting faster than chocolate and you're asking me not to worry?" Gaius quickly took a small towel and wiped her face and her chest and then covered her with a thin sheet.

Had she been sick the whole day? Had he just not noticed? He chewed on his lip and brushed her brown hair from her face again. Her gray eyes that seemed to be always filled with mischief were dulled and the slight pink to her cheeks was also gone leaving her pale as ever. He never had seen her look so unwell.

"I'm going to get Lissa."

"I'm sorry Gaius, I ruined today. You wanted to go to the Market today." She grumbled. What was happening, the past few days had been bad, but today seemed like it was the worst. Dizziness, extreme nausea, and hot flashes it was like she was… pregnant.

He chuckled and cupped her face. "You didn't ruin anything, silly girl. Now stay put I'll be right back."

Was she pregnant? It certainly would make sense. The thought made her bolt upright in bed. The world spun full force, her stomach clenched tightly and she quickly stumbled towards the garbage bin with Gaius calling after her. She glanced quickly at her husband and without saying anything he seemed to *know* what she needed him to do. He raced over and grabbed her hair.

She pulled the bin towards her and that was when the smell of the garbage hit her, full force, like somebody had slammed her in the gut. And then that was it. The hair that broke the camel's back. She lurched forward, acid searing up her throat as all the lunch she had eaten came up.

When she came up for air her mind raced. When was the last time she bled?

No time to think. Her body jerked forward and her stomach cramped. Her head dipped into the bin as she continued to throw up.

"Sumia, are you alright?" He looked at her as she lurched forward again and gagged and when nothing came out she settled back onto her heels. That seemed to be the end for now, she thought and grabbed a handkerchief to wipe her mouth.

"I know what's wrong, I think." Sumia rasped, covering her mouth with the fabric.

"You do? What's wrong? Something you ate? Or low blood sugar?" He gushed. "I have candy if you have low sugar. Alot, so don't worry about tha-"

"I'm pregnant."

Gaius' eyes widened and his mouth hung slightly open. He gave no witty one liners, no joke, no comeback, nothing. He stared at her the usual toothpick in his mouth falling out. "No."

"It's not for certain, but it would explain *a lot* of things." She said and slowly stood to grab some water to wash her mouth. When she looked back at Gaius he was still on the floor in front of the Garbage bin.

"Gaius?" Concern grew on her face. She tucked some stray hairs behind her ears, doubt filling her gut. He wasn't happy. Of course he wouldn't want a child now. Her brows knit together. "I just figured it out as well. Maybe I should have waited, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-"

"You're pregnant?" Awide smile spread over his face. It was one of the happiest smiles she had ever seen him use. It was bright and his eyes sparkled. "Are you really, babe? Are you really?"

"Yeah, we're going to have a baby." She nodded more assure of herself this time. Gaius closed the distance between them in a matter of paces, picked her up and twirled her around, both of them laughing with joy.

Author's note

Hey, guys! It's sad to say that this series is coming to an end soon. I'm thinking about ending it at ~20 chapters. But I might add some bonus chapters because I want to add some of the stuff I've also published on Tumblr which happens to be a lot of requests for LQxCordelia.

Well anyway thanks, for reading! I hope you've enjoyed this chapter! If there are more spelling/grammar mistakes than usual it's because I couldn't bother my housemate. I'm planning to write another drabble thing and I've sent her a ton of things :S

Please review! Till next time!

xSC

Chapter 18: Chapter 18 One-Thousand

Chapter 18 One Thousand

Morgan chewed on his lip for concentration as he folded the paper with as much precision as he could muster. Anna had taught him to fold cranes and told him that there was a myth that if he managed to fold one thousand cranes somebody would visit him and grant him a single wish.

He had to admit, he wasn't much for superstitions but the thought seemed nice. And no one had ever folded one thousand cranes before. Well, not to his knowledge anyway. Who knew, maybe it was true. He kept folding, and when he was finished one he placed it to the side of his table.

Cranes were strewn over his table and his tent. He had tried to organize them but pushed the thought aside. If he was going to fold one thousand then he didn't have time to clean all the time.

"Whoa, what are you making in here?" Robin's voice came through his tent and he turned. He smiled as his mother, a much younger version of herself that is, walked through his tent flaps.

"What happened to asking before coming in?" He chuckled and turned back to his work. He heard her take a step in and pick some of his cranes. No matter how young she was, it seemed as though his mother was still his mother.

"I did, several times too." She gently placed the cranes on his table and leaned against it. Morgan paused, he hadn't heard her? Funny. "Why all the cranes?" She asked as he continued.

He shrugged. "Just a… project I'm working on." It sounded silly to be making all of these cranes for a wish. He didn't believe in these myths but for some reason he wanted to believe in this one. If he could time travel then maybe… it all seemed too silly to mention to his mother.

When he looked at her, her brows were arched. "Well, you'll need a box to take all of these with you. We're leaving this camp in a few days, you know."

Morgan nodded, absentmindedly. He was sure Sumia would have spare boxes, or Anna would. He didn't need to think about that right now. Morgan chewed on his lip again as he folded the paper. He heard his mother pick up one and inspect it.

"It looks lovely; who taught you?"

"Anna," he answered.

"And how many are you making?"

"One thousand." He answered hesitantly. He was sure that if anyone heard he was making *one thousand* of these they would maybe freak out and call him crazy. Morgan looked at his mother. Her eyes were wide. "I'm keeping count."

She laughed. "*One thousand*? Why one thousand?"

He pressed his lips together and paused his folding. He felt silly. "For a wish," he said very slowly, looking up at his mom. His mother arched a brow and smiled. It was a look he was familiar with. It was a look of disbelief and amusement.

"What are you wishing for?"

Morgan continued to fold. That was a question he wasn't quite ready to answer aloud. But he wanted his memories back. He wanted to know what life was like before he had jumped through the portal. He wanted to remember the memories with his mother and father.

He always just *knew* that he had great memories of them but whenever he wanted to access them they seemed to have been locked away. It was frustrating, angering even.

Robin gave his shoulder a small squeeze. He must have looked somber or worried. "Are you alright?" She asked.

He cleared his throat. "Fine." He smiled again.

Robin eyed him and then pulled up a small chair next to him. Morgan stared as she sat down and slid a piece of paper

towards her and began to fold.

"You know how to fold a crane?"

"Your mother knows how to do a number of things that don't relate to strategy." She paused and gave him a knowing smile. "Whatever this wish is… I hope it comes true."

Author's note

This series is coming to a close soon! At the twentieth chapter, I'm going to end this series. I hope you had as much fun reading this as I had writing it :) Big thanks to my housemate who is not my housemate at the moment for constantly finding time to read these shorts!

Thanks so much for tagging along and reviewing!

Please continue to leave your thoughts in the review box!

xxSC

Chapter 19: Chapter 19 Vacation

Vacation

Inigo sat down, stacking his feet on the table. It had been a hard day. In fact, it had been a *very* hard day. He had fought the day before, and then Lucina had convinced him to train today. He had done a lot, way too much.

"What are you doing in here?" It was Lucina again. Inigo opened a single eye and looked at her and then closed it again. He sighed, too tired to shrug. He just wanted a nap. Surely his sister would understand that.

"What does it look like?" he sighed and grunted. He could feel the cold sweat on his back sticking to his clothes. It felt absolutely disgusting, but he found that he was too tired to do anything about it.

"It looks like you're slacking off." Lucina's tone held no amusement. "You're a Prince, Inigo, you need to train more."

"I train plenty!" he protested and tried to wave her away but his sister stood unmoving from the entrance of his tent.

"Everybody knows you train the *least*." Lucina folded her arms over her chest.

Inigo laughed and ignored her. "It's been a tough training session. I've worked really hard today, I think I'm in need of a vacation." He settled into his chair and yawned. He even closed his eyes but when he heard his sister huff he opened them back up.

Lucina's brows were arched. "A vacation? Are you serious?"

"I'm serious!" Inigo threw up his hands and then shook his head. "I trained really hard today, I even broke a sweat, that's hard l-"

Lucina frowned deepened when she interrupted him, "You've only trained for an hour!"

"A really good hour too! I broke a sweat, and I-"

"That's it." Lucina said finally, which made Inigo gulp. Whenever she said those two words he knew she had thought of something to get him to do what she wanted and he couldn't quite imagine what she had thought of this time.

Inigo listened for her threat but she just turned. Relief washed over him as well as a sense of victory that was short lived when his sister called behind her.

"I'm telling mom you've got a new dance routine."

Inigo snapped up instantly and raced after her. "Lucina!"

Author's Note

I really hope you like this chapter, I'm sorry I haven't uploaded in a while. I'm just having a little trouble writing for this now. Just reminder that this series is coming to a close soon! I hope you liked this series and make sure you check out my profile for upcoming chapters and releases!

Please review!

xxxSC

Chapter 20: Chapter 20 Endings

Endings

It was dark and all Robin could hear were the howling winds that whirled around her. And at first she thought this was nothing more than a dream but the longer she stayed in this darkness the more she started to realize that this was her new reality. The empty wind and the Darkness.

She had cried and screamed, but there was no one to answer her. And after she had felt sad, she felt angry. Fury boiled in her gut as she lashed out at the wind screaming obscenities, demanding her freedom but nothing.

Then nothing, she felt regret eating at her, guilt gnawing at her chest.

Robin knelt on the ground, her hands clutched into tight fists. It wasn't her fault that she was what she was. She hadn't chosen to be Grima, she hadn't decide to be born.

But it was when she was at her lowest that the winds picked up quicker than usual. She paid little mind to it until she heard a muffled voice accompany it.

Her head snapped up, her eyes searching for the source of the voice but nothing. She slowly stood, and looked around her desperately. The muffled shouts kept up but she couldn't make the words out.

"I can't hear you!" she shouted back at him, hoping he would have a better time hearing her than she did hearing him. "Who are you?"

She squinted in the darkness and saw a fuzzy figure with blue hair and white armor. His arm was high over his head to block the violent winds and even as he was being swept back a few paces back every so often he kept shouting and walking towards her.

"I can't hear you!" She walked slowly towards him and then found him reaching out his hand. She hadn't a clue if she could trust him, but her hand seemed to know. She grabbed his hand.

His voice was suddenly as clear as crystal when he shouted, "Robin! We need you to come back! Everybody needs you! They all miss you!"

Robin cringed from the sheer volume and then looked at him. He was familiar, his face, its features, she had seen before. But at the same time she couldn't place him in her mind. He was familiarly unfamiliar which frustrated her.

"Who are you?" Robin asked as he stared intently at her. He didn't answer and for a moment she stared back at him, his name pressing at the tip of her tongue.

She gritted her teeth and steeled her focus. Her eyes lit when she realized who had come for her. "Chrom?"

He smiled. "Our bonds are strong. You will come back to me, to all of us." The Prince motioned vaguely around him and as if on cue, she saw the others emerge slowly from the darkness like they had been waiting for her.

Fredrick, Lissa and Lucina were first. They were followed by Inigo, Morgan, Libra and then the rest. They all walked towards her, talking amongst themselves as if it was any other day. She felt her mind surge with memories and it made her jolt.

It hurt. She felt something slam into her full force and it made her gasp.

"Chrom, we have to do something!" Lissa. That was Lissa. Robin felt adrenaline surge in her body from excitement, from anxiety, but her body stayed still until she heard another voice join Lissa's.

"What do you suppose we do?"

Her eyes snapped open.

Author's note

And we're finished! I hope you liked this small series. Thank you for reading and thank you for those who reviewed! Remember to review and to check out my other fanfiction on my profile!

xxxSC